JOHNSONIANA.

JOHNSONIANA:

OR, A

COLLECTION

OF

BON MOTS, &c.

By Dr. JOHNSON, and OTHERS.

TOGETHER

With the CHOICE SENTENCES

OF

PUBLIUS SYRUS,

Now first Translated into ENGLISH.

DUBLIN:

Printed for W. WHITESTONE, T. ARMITAGE, W. WATSON, J. POTTS, D. CHAMBERLAINE, J. HOEY, T. WILKINSON, W. COLLES, J. WILLIAMS, P. HOEY, T. WALKER, C. JENKIN, S. WATSON, W. WILSON, R. STEWART, M. MILLS, and J. HILLARY. 1776.

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INTRODUCTION.

THough the editor thinks it unneceſſary to make any apology for giving to the Public a Collection of Bon Mots, a ſpecies of writing not only adopted by ſome of the greateſt Characters of their times *, but held in

* Julius Cæſar, Plutarch, lord Bacon, &c. &c.

eſtimation by all civilized nations; yet he thinks ſomething neceſſary to be ſaid to preclude THIS COLLECTION from the crowd of dull things which paſs under ſimilar titles.

There is no publication, even in this publiſhing age, oftener obtruded on the town than a Jeſt Book: ſcarce a year does not produce one or more, and ſcarce a man of wit in this country, that has not only one of them called after his name, but a number of rickety children fathered

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ed on him, which wonld diſgrace any man to beget. The following ſhort account, therefore, of this book, it is to be hoped, will cover it from the imputation of its being one of thoſe numerous ſucceſſors to Joe Miller, as well as recommend it as an object of ſome curioſity.

Moſt of theſe Bon Mots were collected by a perſon of faſhion and ſenſe, lately deceaſed, at his leiſure hours. As he was, in the limited ſenſe, a bon vivant, they were, for the moſt part, the pro-

produce of his own circle, which was compoſed of men of the firſt wit and converſation. Being a great admirer of doctor Johnſon, whom he looked up to as a man of deep learning, ſtrong ſenſe, and general obſervation, he was particularly anxious in collecting all his Bon Mots, which he arranged under the head of "JOHNSONIANA." What future uſe he intended by this collection, his ſudden death, which happened ſome time ſince, prevented from being known. In

In this ſtate the editor received them; but, finding there were not a ſufficient number of doctor Johnſon's to make a volume, he adopted the title, and added ſuch others as he could collect, which he thought would not diſgrace it. In this collection he has carefully avoided that vulgar track of pilfering from other books on the ſame ſubject, which, as Sterne obſerves, is like the apothecaries making out a compoſition from ſeveral phials; nay, ſo cau-

cautious was he, in this reſpect, that he read all the modern jeſt books, French and Engliſh in his reach, merely to avoid it. He does not indeed deny but that the reader, here and there, may find a Bon Mot which has already appeared in the news-papers; but he flatters himſelf a judicious ſelection from ſuch fugitive publications which in general do not outlive the laugh of the day, will rather merit public countenance than reprehenſion.

The

The little fragment of Publius Syrus attached to this volume, the editor flatters himſelf cannot be deemed unbelonging to the general ſubject, whilſt wit and wiſdom are held to be compatible characters.

JOHN-

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UPON the publication of lord Bolingbroke's Philoſophical Works, by David Mallet, Dr. Johnſon was aſked his opinion of the author and publiſher: "Why, Sir," ſays Johnſon, "I look upon them both to be a couple of atheiſtical highwaymen: my lord for loading the piece up to the muzzle againſt the peace and happineſs of ſociety; and Mallet for drawing the trigger."

Doctor Johnſon being one night at Drury-Lane theatre, to ſee Mr. Garrick in Macbeth, in one of the moſt intereſting ſcenes of that intereſting piece, he, and the whole company in the box where he ſat, was interrupted by the impertinence of a young man of faſhion, who inſiſted on having a *place*, though none was kept for him: this interruption continued until the end of the act, when the doctor turning about with great contempt, replied, "'Pſhaw! Sir, how can you be ſo miſtaken? *Your place* lies in the *ſhilling gallery*."

Some years ago doctor Johnſon being in Company with Foote, the emigration of the Scotch to London became the ſubject of cenverſation; Foote inſiſted that the emigrants were as numerous in the former, as in the preſent reign; the doctor the contrary; this diſpute continued with a friendly

friendly warmth for ſome time, when Johnſon called out, "You are certainly wrong, Sam; but I ſee how you are deceived; you cannot diſtinguiſh them now as formerly; for the fellows all come *breeched* to the capital of late years."

The above wits at another time having a converſation about national learning, Foote obſerved, however deficient the Scotch were in genius and humour, he believed them to be one of the moſt learned nations in Europe. "Oh! Sir," ſays Johnſon, "you are very much miſtaken upon that point: I grant you they have all a *mouthful* of learning, but not one of them a *bellyful*."

A well beneficed old parſon being in a large company at a public dinner, he entertained them with nothing elſe but the ſituation and profits of his parochial livings, which laſt he ſaid he kept entirely

to himſelf. The company in general deſpiſed him too much to make any remarks on his egotiſms; but Quin being of the party, and obſerving the parſon, as he ſtretched acroſs the table, to ſhew a pair of very dirty yellow hands, he immediately called out, "So ſo, Doctor, I think you do keep your *glebe* in *your own hands*."

Dr. P———, an Iriſh parſon, and a remarkable ordinary man in his perſon, having a neat parſonage-houſe, very curiouſly furniſhed, was one day ſhewing it to Doctor Berkely, the celebrated biſhop of Cloyne. "Well, my lord," ſays the doctor, after they had returned to the dining parlour, "you ſee what a nice *marriage-trap* I have got here. "Why, yes, doctor," ſays the biſhop, looking him full in the face, "I ſee you have; but I do not half like the *bait*."

When

When madame Barré became the miſtreſs of the late king of France, ſuch an elevation, from one of her mean circumſtances, neceſſarily became the topic of converſation. Some young fellows talking this matter over one night at the Engliſh coffee-houſe in Paris, a gentleman preſent ſaid he remembered her when ſhe was to be had for a *ſix livres piece*. "Very true, Sir," ſays another; but ſhe is now riſen *to a Louis*."

The late Charles Townſhend going out of the Houſe of Commons one day (when ſerjeant Hewitt, the preſent lord chancellor of Ireland was floundering on ſome dull law queſtion) he was met by a friend in the lobby, who haſtily aſked him, "Whether the houſe *was up?*" "No, Sir," ſays Mr. Townſhend, very gravely, "but *the ſerjeant is*."

A gentleman juſt married, telling Foote he had that morning laid out three thou-

ſand pounds in jewels for his *dear wife*. "By ——, Sir," ſays the wit, "I ſee you are no hypocrite, for ſhe is truly your *dear* wife."

Some time before the late marquiſs of Granby's death, he happened to be at a coffee-houſe in Scarborough, when he was ſolicited by a pedlar to buy ſome tooth-picks. "Well," ſays the marquiſs, "what is the price of your tooth-picks?" "A guinea a-piece, Sir," ſays the pedlar. "A guinea a-piece!" echoed the marquiſs. "Why, friend, tooth-picks muſt be very *ſcarce* in Scarborough." "No, my lord," ſays the fellow, (letting him ſee he knew his rank) "but *marquiſſes are*."

When doctor Johnſon was firſt patronized by lord Cheſterfield, (which was at his lordſhip's particular requeſt) the doctor called on him one morning, and being ſhewn into an anti-chamber, either from the miſtake of the

the footman, or his lordſhip's paying a preference to other company, the doctor was left waiting there for two hours without his lordſhip's appearance. Johnſon growing piqued at this neglect, abruptly left the houſe, and from that hour reſolved to break off all acquaintance with him. Some time after this, lord Cheſterfield endeavoured all he could to recover Johnſon's friendſhip, by writing two eſſays in favour of his Dictionary in a periodical paper then publiſhing, called "The World," as well as by other indirect ſolicitations; but all in vain, Johnſon was not only reſolved, but wrote his lordſhip word ſo, in a very remarkable letter, wherein, with great dignity, and philoſophic pride, he begged leave to be diſmiſſed his patronage and acquaintance. Some time after this, a noble lord met the doctor in Dodſley's ſhop, who beginning the converſation, aſked him how he could

could deſert a man who had been ſo *ſerviceable* to him in the public encouragement he gave his Dictionary as lord Cheſterfield was. "Serviceable to me, my lord!" ſays Johnſon: "in no reſpect whatſoever: I had been for years ſailing round the world of literature, and juſt as I was getting into the chops of the Channel, his lordſhip ſends out two *little cock-boats*, more to partake of my triumphs, than to pilot me into harbour. No, no, my lord Cheſterfield may be a *wit among lords*, but I fancy he is no more than a *lord amongſt wits* *."

Quin complaining of his old age and infirmities one day in the public rooms at Bath, a pert young coxcomb aſked him, "What

* This retort his lordſhip could never forgive, and in all probability it occaſioned the caricatura he afterwards gave of doctor Johnſon in one of his letters to his ſon.

would

would he give to be as young as he was?" "I do not know," ſays Quin, meaſuring him very contemptuouſly; "but I ſhould be almoſt content to be as *fooliſh*."

During the run of the comedy of the Weſt-Indian, Mrs. Clive went one night to Drury-lane theatre to ſee the piece: after the play was over, ſhe was aſked by Miſs Pope, who went with her, how ſhe liked King in the character of Belcour? "What! my old friend Tom," ſays ſhe, "Oh! very well, except that d-m'd inattention to his dreſs, which he never can get rid of." In what particular, ſays the other? "Why, ſays ſhe, "did you never take notice of the large pair of *curling-tongs* that's eternally peeping out of his coat pocket?"

A nobleman meeting the late lord Cheſterfield at a levee one morning, was aſking him when lady Coventry was at court? How could

could you aſk ſuch a queſtion, my lord," ſays Cheſterfield, " when no one has ſeen *her face* here theſe ten years ?"

Some time after lord Townſhend had given up his commiſſion in the guards, on account of the late duke of Cumberland's refuſing him leave of abſence for three days, he went one morning to the parade, where colonel F—— (who was remarkable for being a *tale-bearer* to his royal highneſs) was looking over the exerciſe, in order if any thing was wrong to report it. Upon ſeeing lord Townſhend come up, " What Townſhend!" ſays he, though you have left us, I ſee you ſtill come here as a *ſpectator*." " Aye," ſays the other ; " and between us both I think we muſt *improve* the men, as you come here as a *tatler*."

The above nobleman, when young, being at the battle of Dettingen, as he was marching

ing down pretty cloſe to the enemy, was ſo very thoughtful (as is uſual with moſt officers on their firſt battle,) that he took no notice of a drummer's head that was ſhot off juſt before him, though he received ſome of the brains on his coat. A veteran officer obſerving this, went up to him, and endeavoured to rouſe him, by telling him the beſt way in theſe caſes was not to think at all. "Oh! dear Sir," ſays the other, with great preſence of mind, "you entirely miſtake my reverie, I have been only thinking what the devil could bring this little drummer here, who ſeemed to poſſeſs ſuch a *quantity of brains.*"

Baron B——, a celebrated gambler, well known by the name of the *left-handed* Baron, being detected ſome years ago at Bath ſecreting a card, the company in the warmth of their reſentment, threw him out of the window of a *one-pair-of-ſtairs-room*, where they had

had been playing. The baron meeting Foote ſome time after, was loudly complaining of his uſage, and aſked what he ſhould do. "Do!" ſays the wit, "why it is a plain caſe, never play ſo *high* again as long as you live."

Upon the death of the late general Armiger, (who unfortunately died the firſt night of his marriage, in the ſame *ſituation* as the celebrated lord Lincoln) a great perſonage, who was ignorant of this circumſtance, was aſking ſeveral at the levee next day, what could be his diſorder, it was ſo ſudden? Many made their *congees*, and ſaid, "they had not heard," till coming up to lady B—— L——, (ſince lady B—— T——) "Why, Sire," ſays ſhe, it is rather an unphyſical caſe; but poor general Armiger died in a *parentheſis*."

The ſame lady being lately aſked by a nobleman at court, Whether there had been any

any accounts from lord H——ſſe, who had been cut a little before that for a fiſtula, at Geneva? "O, yes, my lord," ſays ſhe, "I have the pleaſure to tell your lordſhip he is *fundamentally* cured."

A gentleman of fortune happening to kill another in a quarrel, he was acquitted, as was generally thought, through the *complaiſance* of a *Yorkſhire jury*. Some time after, this gentleman being at the ſame aſſizes town, when a criminal was going to be hanged, hearing a crowd under his window, he threw up the ſaſh to inquire what was the matter; "A man going to be hanged, Sir," ſays a ſhoe-black. "Pray, my good fellow, what is he to be hanged for?" "A hard caſe, indeed, your honour," ſays the other, "*only for want of a Yorkſhire jury.*"

The late lord Cheſterfield's ſurgeons imagining, in his laſt illneſs, that his lordſhip

had a *ſtone* in his bladder, probed him ſeveral times without any effect. "Ah!" ſays my lord, who was always of a contrary opinion to the faculty, "I judged it would, at laſt, turn out the *philoſopher's ſtone*."

Foote meeting his old acquaintance, major B——, at Bath, this laſt ſeaſon, (a character well known in the annals of gaming) came up to him, and aſked him with great cordiality, how he was? "Ah! Foote," ſays the other, "I have had a terrible accident ſince I ſaw you laſt; no leſs than the *loſs* of an eye." "My dear fellow," ſays the wit, "I am heartily ſorry for it: pray at *what game?*"

Counſellor C—— being very infirm and goutified from his exceſſes, meeting one day with an old friend of his, a permit-officer of the cuſtom-houſe, the latter aſked him how he did? "Ah!" ſays the counſellor, "you will not have me long amongſt you." "Come,

" Come, come," ſays the other, " do not be caſt down; you ſhall not have a *permit* to die yet a-while." " Shall not I, indeed?" ſays the counſellor; " Why then I would have you make a ſharp look out for death; for if you do not, by G——, I am afraid *he will ſmuggle me.*"

When the preſent duke of Graſton was a boy, he lived very much with his aunt, the preſent counteſs of Harrington, and at this time of life (though of a very thin delicate conſtitution) gave evident ſigns of an amorous diſpoſition. Among the reſt of his amours, he very warmly ſolicited my lady's woman, and one evening behaved ſo indecently to her, that ſhe was under a neceſſity of complaining to her lady. " How is this, Sir," ſays her ladyſhip, " that you can behave ſo rude in my houſe?" " Lord, ma'am," ſays the other, " to tell you the truth, Nancy did look ſo charming, *fleſh*

and *blood* could not refrain." "Come, come, Charles," returned her ladyſhip, "let me hear of no more ſuch doings in this houſe: it may be an excuſe for *fleſh* and *blood*; but for I am ſure it can be none for *ſkin* and *bone*."

When Mr. Macpherſon's Homer came out, (a book univerſally decried for a bombaſtical affected ſtyle) a lady remarked one evening in a large company to doctor Johnſon, that ſhe had being endeavouring to read it, but the ſtyle appeared ſo *old*, ſhe could not go through it with any ſatisfaction. "You are perfectly right, madam," ſays Johnſon, "it is as *old* as the *building of Babel*."

Much about the time of the univerſal damnation of the above book, the lord advocate of Scotland being in company with a number of *beaux eſprits*, after haranguing with great vehemence and nationality on the general talents of Mr. Macpherſon, he aſſerted there

was

was not a man in England had even the knack of *writing down a character* more than he had. "I believe it moſt ſincerely," ſays a gentleman preſent "and I think he has given a very recent proof of it, by *writing down* one of the *firſt characters of all antiquity*."

In one of the late exhibitions of the Royal Academy, there was a very fine whole length painting of Mr. Garrick in Richard the IIId. which was univerſally allowed to be the beſt likeneſs of that incomparable actor yet done. One morning as Mr. Garrick was going downſtairs from the exhibition-room, he was met by a nobleman of his acquaintance, who aſked him, how he did? "Why, faith, my lord," replied Garrick, "but *ſo-ſo* this morning; but if your lordſhip will but walk up ſtairs, you will ſee me as *well* as ever I was in my life."

When Foote firſt heard of the late Sir Francis Blake Delaval's death, the ſhock of

loſing ſo intimate a friend had ſuch an effect on his ſpirits, that he burſt into tears, retired to his room, and ſaw no company for two days: the third day Jewell, treaſurer, calling in on him, he aſked him with ſwoln eyes, what time would the burial be? "Not till next week, Sir," replied the other, "as I hear the ſurgeons are firſt to diſſect his *head*." This laſt word recovered the wit's fancy, and repeating it with ſome ſurprize, aſked, "And what the devil will they get there? I am ſure," ſays he, "I have known poor Frank theſe five and twenty years, and I never could find *any thing* in it."

The death of the late Mr. Holland, of Drury-Lane theatre (who was the ſon of *a baker* at Chyſwick) had likewiſe a very great effect on Foote's ſpirits; being a legatee, as well as appointed, by the will of the deceaſed, one of his bearers, he attended the corpſe to the family-vault, at Chyſwick, and there very

very ſincerely paid a plentiful tribute of tears to his memory. On his return to town, by way of alleviating his grief, he called in at the Bedford-coffee-houſe, when an acquaintance coming up to him, aſked him if he had not been paying the laſt compliment to his friend Holland? "Yes, poor fellow," ſays Foote, almoſt ſnivelling at the ſame time, "I have juſt ſeen him *ſhoved* into the *family-oven*."

When doctor Hill (late Sir John Hill) firſt launched into the literary world, he amongſt *other voluminous works in all ſciences*, wrote ſeveral *farces*, which he recommended very ſtrongly to Mr. Garrick for repreſentation; Garrick, however, not judging them to poſſeſs merit enough for the ſtage, politely refuſed them, which ſo irritated the doctor, that he conſtantly ſquibbed at him in the news-papers, ſome of which he at that time commanded: Garrick bore all very patiently

ly for ſome time, at laſt thinking it neceſſary to hint to the world the occaſion of this antipathy, he told them ſo in the following very ſevere epigram:

" For phyſic and farces
His equal there ſcarce is;
For his *farces* are *phyſic*, and his *phyſic* a *farce* is."

The late doctor Goldſmith being at ſupper one night with a lady, who was making an apology for the brownneſs of her pickles, very gravely deſired her to ſend them to Hammerſmith. " To Hammerſmith, doctor," ſays the lady, " why is there any thing particular in that place?" " O, yes, madam," ſays he, that is the *way* to *Turn'em Green*."

Foote being engaged to a rout of lady Harrington's, found the ladies all ſo thickly ſeated, that on his entering the drawing-room, he could not get a place to ſit down in. " Come, Foote," ſays her ladyſhip, " *you* must

muſt not be kept ſtanding, take a chair." "You are very obliging, my lady," ſays the wit; "but there appears to me to be more *bottoms* than *chairs* at preſent about the room."

Doctor Johnſon ſitting one night with a number of ladies and gentlemen of his acquaintance, the ladies by way of heightening the good-humour of the company, agreed to toaſt ordinary women, and to match them with ordinary men. In this round, one of the ladies gave an old houſe-keeper of doctor Johnſon's, blind of an eye, and another matched her with doctor Goldſmith: this whimſical union ſo pleaſed the former lady, that though ſhe had ſome pique with the latter in the beginning of the night, ſhe ran round the table, kiſſed her, and ſaid ſhe forgave her every thing that happened for the *'propos* of her laſt toaſt. "Aye," ſays Johnſon, "this puts me in mind of an obſervation

of

of Swift's, that the quarrels of women are made up like thoſe of antient kings; *there is always an animal ſacrificed on the occaſion.*"

A little after the death of Sir William Stanhope, brother to the late earl of Cheſterfield, his lady (whom Fame had taken ſome libertics with before) married captain C——, of a marching regiment; who had little beſide his commiſſion for his ſupport. When lord Cheſterfield was firſt told of this circumſtance, two or three of the family preſent were arraigning the very great *imprudence* of the match. "Not at all," ſays his lordſhip, "as for my part, I think nothing could be more equal; ſhe married for a *cloak*, and he for *a coat*."

The late Henry, lord Holland, ſettling with his agent a little before his death, was ſurprized in looking over the heavy debts which ſtood againſt him on his two ſons accounts.

counts. "Well," ſays his lordſhip, "I find I have no other way of ſettling this matter than ſuing the county of Middleſex." "Suing the county of Middleſex, my lord!" ſays the agent, with ſurprize." "To be ſure," replies my lord: "Have not I been robbed *between ſon and ſon?*"

At Mr. Fordyce's ſale at Roehampton, Foote, who attended almoſt every day, bought nothing but a *pillow*, on which a gentleman aſked him, what particular uſe he could have of a ſingle pillow? "Why," ſays Foote, to tell you the truth, I do not ſleep very well at night, and I am ſure this muſt give me many a good nap, when the proprietor of it (though he *owed ſo much)* could ſleep upon it."

Counſellor Harward, a late celebrated Iriſh lawyer, as remarkable for his *brogue*, as his bon mots, being council againſt a young

young officer, who was indicted for a very indecent aſſault, opened the court in the following manner: "My lord, I am council in this cauſe for the crown, and I am firſt to acquaint your lordſhip that this *ſoldier* here—" "Stop, ſir," ſays the ignorant military hero, (who thought he uſed the word ſoldier as a term of reproach) "I would have you know, Sir, I am *an officer*." "O, Sir! I beg your pardon," ſays the counſellor, very drily. "Why then, my lord, to ſpeak more correctly; this *officer* here, who is *no ſoldier*——."

The above lawyer, being concerned for a footman, who was tried for crim. con. with his miſtreſs, concluded his addreſs to the jury in the following humorous manner: "In ſhort, gentlemen of the jury, this muſt appear to you one of the moſt ſingularly malicious proſecutions perhaps ever conducted; it is, in fact, endeavouring to ruin a poor crea-

creature for an action that another would reſpect him for——performing his *maſter's buſineſs* by the *deſires of his miſtreſs.*"

A gentleman going the Cheſter road, obſerving the following inſcription cut on one of the windows of the inn where he ſtopt at: "My lord D——has the *ſofteſt* kiſſing lips in the world:" upon which he took out his pencil, and wrote underneath;

"Then, as like as to chips
Are his *head* and his *lips.*"

Doctor Johnſon, being in company with a number of the literati, who were rather deciding with ſome ſeverity on the abilities of a certain Scotch author, one of them called him a dunce. "No, Sir," ſays Johnſon, "now, indeed, you abuſe him, the fellow is no dunce; but he is a *damned fool.*"

When the late Sir William Stanhope was married to Miſs Delaval, there being before

no proſpect of iſſue in the family, he waited on his brother, the late lord Cheſterfield, one morning in great ſpirits to tell him that *now* there was the greateſt proſpect of an heir for the family, title, and eſtate. "Why, I do not know, brother," ſays the other, very drily, "but what *Stanhope and Co.* may do much."

Foote and Garrick being at a tavern together at the time of the firſt regulation of the gold coin, the former pulling out his purſe to pay his reckoning, aſked the latter, "What he ſhould do with a light guinea he had?" "'Pſhaw, it's worth nothing," ſays Garrick, "*fling it to the devil.*" "Well, David," ſays the other, "you are what I always took you for, ever contriving *to make a guinea go further* than any other man."

The peace of Utrecht ſticking in the houſe of lords, queen Anne found it politically neceſſary

ceſſary to create a majority by calling up twelve commoners to the houſe of peers. The celebrated duke of Wharton, who was in the oppoſition, took care to be in the houſe the day of their introduction, and as they paſſed by him, very deliberately counted out aloud, " One, two, three, four, five, ſix, ſeven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve. Well, gentlemen of the jury, *who* ſhall *ſpeak* for you?"

General E——— being at a country play laſt ſummer, the entertainment happened to be the *Stage Coach*, which was performed ſo wretchedly, that it was impoſſible to make head, or tail of it: as ſoon as the curtain cloſed, and one of the performers came to give out the next play, the General begged leave to aſk the name of the entertainment juſt finiſhed, " *The Stage Coach*, Sir," ſays Buſkin, bowing very reſpectfully. " O then,

Sir," ſays the General, " will you be ſo good to let me know when you perform this again, that I may be an *outſide-paſſenger*."

When the king of Denmark was in England, a long knight, well known by the name of *Sir Timothy Tallboy*, was very induſtrious in being his gentleman-uſher at all public places, though the king ſpoke but bad Engliſh, and the knight worſe French. After his majeſty's departure, Sir T—— was bragging to lord Cheſterfield upon what an intimate footing he was with the king. " Good God," ſays my lord, very gravely, " how report will lie! Why I heard there was a conſtant diſagreement between you. " Between us," echoed the knight! " Why I do not know," ſays his lordſhip, " whether it came to an abſolute breach or not; but this I am very well informed of, that there was a great deal of *bad language* between you."

The

The above knight being at a private audience with lord Chesterfield some months before his death, the former, by way of complimenting his lordship on the regularity of his life, told him he would die *by inches*. "Do you really think so," says his lordship? "Indeed, I do, my lord," says Sir T——. "Why then, replies the other, measuring the full length of the knight with his eye, "my great comfort is that I am not as *tall* as you are."

Captain J—— being on a country excursion last summer, was one morning in company with some others of his acquaintance, amusing himself with running leaps: in the course of this exercise, the captain in jumping over a ditch, came through the roof of a thatched hovel which was just under it; fortunately for him, however, he came off unhurt, which when his acquaintance were

congratulating him on, he replied, " Why, when did you ſee me undertake any thing that I did not *go through* it?

Counſellor C—— being choſen a friendly arbitrator between two near relations, one of whom had a very deſervedly bad character; it happened that in the warmth of ſtating their grievances, the one gave the other the lie. " Lie, Sir," ſays the man with the bad character, " know that is among the actions of my life I *dare* not do." " My dear friend," ſays the counſellor, " do not be in a paſſion: upon my ſoul, you have too *mean an opinion of your own courage.*"

Quin being at a Briſtol feaſt, where the company was all extolling the *ham*, an alderman, who had cut pretty deep in it, was obſerving, " that for his part, he ſaw no reaſon why the Briſtol hams ſhould not be as valuable as the Weſtphalia; our *hogs* are every

every way as good, and we feed them as well," ſays he. " Aye, but, Sir," ſays Quin, " conſider, it would be *murder* to *kill them*."

When Foote heard that doctor Kenrick was going to give a public criticiſm on his comedy of the Cozeners at Marybone, " Well," ſays he, " let the doctor take care of the fate of our firſt parents ; *a fall in the Garden*."

When Sir Henry Marſhal, uncle to the late Sir Henry Bankes, was riſing off his knees after being knighted by his late majeſty, he happened to ſtumble; upon which, with great preſence of mind, he apologized to the king, by telling him, " He had loaded him with ſo much honour, that he could not *well ſtand* under it."

As Foote was one day amuſing himſelf after dinner, with one of his natural children,

a French

a French gentleman who was preſent, aſking him who the child was, and recollecting at the ſame time the features of his mother; immediately cried out, "Morbleu, apparement par la meme *mere*!" "I will not diſpute the *mare*," ſays the wit, perhaps with more ſalt than breeding, "but I think the odds are two to one, not by the *ſame horſe*."

The late lord Cheſterfield, a little before his death, was ſo infirm, that whenever he went out in his coach, the horſes were generally led ſtep by ſtep; in this ſituation he was one morning met by an acquaintance, who congratulated his lordſhip on being able to take the air. "I thank you kindly, Sir," ſays his lordſhip; "but I do not come out ſo much for the air, as for the benefit of *rehearſing my funeral*."

Quin's kindneſs to Mr. Thomſon, author of the Seaſons, &c. is too univerſally known

to

to need mentioning here. As they were ſitting together one night, Thomſon, after expreſſing his gratitude for the many favours he had received, cried out, "Well, Quin," ſays he, "now, I cannot ſee how you can do any thing more for me, except *chewing* the bread you have given me." "Have a care, my friend," ſays Quin, "do not truſt me with that, for if I once come to chewing, I will be d——d if I do not *ſwallow it.*"

The late queen having ſome diſtant notion of encloſing St. James's-Park *entirely for the uſe of the royal family*, conſulted the late lord Cheſterfield about the expences: his lordſhip ſtartled at the propoſal at firſt, waved his opinion; but at length being preſſed to it, he replied, "Why then, madam, I think it may come to about *three crowns.*"

The very firſt time doctor Goldſmith was introduced to lord Shelburne, the converſation,

tion, in a very mixed company after ſupper, began to turn upon politics; when the doctor (who was, at times, the moſt *etourdie* of any man upon earth) very gravely calls acroſs the table, "Pray, my lord, what is the reaſon the public call you Malagrida?" "Indeed, doctor," ſays the other, rather confuſed, "I do not know." "Why really," continues the doctor, "it is very ſurprizing, for Malagrida, your lordſhip knows, was a *very honeſt man.*"

As his late majeſty was returning from one of his excurſions to Hanover, his carriage happened to break down between Helvoetſluys and the Brill, on a part of the road where he and his attendants were obliged to take what accommodations they could get at an hedge gin-houſe, until another carriage was got ready. The articles of refreſhment they had were coffee for his majeſty, and two noble-

noblemen who were in the coach with him, and four bottles of gin for the domeſtics; yet the honeſt landlord, knowing what gueſts he had in the houſe, made his account out for ſuch fare the enormous ſum of *ninety pounds:* the bill being brought to the late lord Ligonier, who was with the king, he railed at the fellow's extravagance ſo loud, that his majeſty over-heard him, and inſiſted upon knowing what was the matter; being told, he ſhook his head, and ſmiled, "Come, come, my good lord Ligonier, pay the money; kings, I believe, ſeldom call this way."

A witty counſellor, formerly of the Middle Temple, who had been often reprimanded by a lady of his acquaintance for dreſſing ſo ſlovenly whenever he went into company, one day in particular underwent a ſevere examination of every part of his dreſs, before a room full of company. When ſhe came

to

to his breeches, ſhe ſtopt ſhort: " And pray," ſays ſhe, " What do you call that? (pointing to an old pair of black velvet breeches he had on.) " This, madam," ſays the counſellor, who had hitherto borne all this raillery very patiently, " is an old velvet pall I keep to cover a dead friend."

An empty, pragmatical attorney of the above counſellor's acquaintance, calling at his chambers one morning, the latter aſked him how he did? " Faith! I do not know; I am not at all *myſelf* this morning." " Why then I congratulate you much," ſays the other, " for if you are any body beſide *yourſelf*, I will be d——d if you are not a *gainer* by the *change*."

The honourable Charles Fox, coming with Mr. Dyſon one morning from lord N—th's levee, when the latter had been juſt recovered from a fit of illneſs, and in con-

conſequence looked very badly, Mr. Fox offered him part of his carriage home. "No, no," ſays the other, "I have *buſineſs* at the *Pay-Office*." "At the Pay-Office!" ſays Fox, "You certainly muſt miſtake; your *buſineſs* ſhould lie at the *Victualling-Office*."

A great perſonage riding out one morning on Richmond-Hill, being ſtruck with the ſituation, neatneſs, and elegance of the late Mr. Blanchard's houſe, aſked whoſe it was? Being told it belonged to a *card-maker*. "Why," ſays his m———y, with ſome ſurprize, "one would think all this man's cards were *trumps*."

The above perſonage meeting doctor Johnſon in the Queen's-Library, being informed who he was, very condeſcendingly went up to him, and enquired after his health. In the courſe of ſome converſation his m——y aſked, "Why he had not written more?"

"Why, Sire," ſays Johnſon, "I do not know; I think I have written enough." "Why ſo ſhould I too, doctor," replied his m——y, "if you had *not written ſo well.*"

Foote happening to ſpend the evening with two dignitaries of the church, the converſation inſenſibly happened to ſettle on ſome part of polemical divinity, which the two churchmen took up on different grounds with great force of argument and obſervation. Foote, during this while, took no other ſhare in the debate than in recruiting their ſpirits by conſtantly keeping their glaſſes filled: at laſt one of them turned about, and begged that as he could be at times as argumentative, as witty, he would ſtep in as an arbitrator of their differences. "I thank you kindly, gentlemen," ſays Foote, very gravely; "but I have always made it a rule never to trouble my head about *family affairs.*"

Charles

Charles the IId. being at hazard one Twelfth night at court with the duke of Buckingham, and others, a well-dreſſed ſharper, who ſtood behind the duke's chair, took the liberty to pick his pocket of a diamond ſnuff-box, which was very valuable. Juſt in the inſtant of his ſtealing it, the king happened to fix his eyes on him; on which the ſharper, with great preſence of mind, put his finger up to his noſe, thereby inſinuating it was done out of fun. The king knew the world too well to be gulled even by ſuch an artifice, but however held his tongue. Some time after the duke miſſing his box, his majeſty told him the circumſtance. "Good G—d, Sire," ſays his grace, "why did not your majeſty tell me of it in time?" "Oh!" ſays the king, "I could not do that, I *was upon honour*."

When doctor Johnſon was laſt in Scotland, amongſt other curioſities ſhewn him, he was

taken to a very antient and high caſtle, which was reckoned to command the moſt extenſive view of any in the country. "Well, Sir," ſays the guide, "what do you think of this proſpect?" "It is the fineſt in all Scotland," ſays the doctor, "for I can here ſee *the road to England.*"

About three years ago, Foote went to ſpend his Chriſtmas with the late C—— B——n, Eſq; when the weather being very cold, and but bad fires, occaſioned by the ſcarcity of wood in the houſe, Foote was determined to make his viſit as ſhort as poſſible; accordingly on the third day after he went there, he ordered his chaiſe, and was preparing to ſet out for town. Mr. B——n ſeeing him with his boots on in the morning, aſked him what hurry he was in, and preſſed him to ſtay. "No, no," ſays Foote, "was I to ſtay any longer, you would not let me

have

have a leg to ſtand on." " Why ſure," ſays Mr. B——n, " we do not drink ſo *much.*" " No," ſays the wit, " but there is ſo *little* wood in your houſe, that, by ——, I am afraid one of your ſervants may light the fires ſome morning with *my right leg.*"

Foote rattling away one evening in his green room with great wit and brilliancy, as he uſually does; the duke of C——d, who was preſent, and ſeemed highly entertained, cried out, " Well, Foote, you ſee I ſwallow all your good things." " Do you, my lord duke," ſays the other, " why then I congratulate you on your digeſtion, for, by ——, I believe you never *threw up* one of them in your life."

When Mr. Sheridan gave his Attic evening entertainments at the Hay-Market theatre, about five years ago, in which he recommended *oratory* as the grand ſpecific, not on-

ly for all our mental, but political diſorders, a lady of doctor Johnſon's acquaintance aſked him his opinion of Sheridan's abilities. "What, my old friend Tom!" ſays the doctor, "why, madam, the fellow's no *natural*; but he is a *damned blockhead by art*."

Foote being at ſupper one night at the Bedford-coffee-houſe, juſt after Garrick had performed Mackbeth, the converſation very naturally turned on the merits of that great performer, when after many elogiums on the univerſality of his powers, it was given up to him to be the firſt actor *on* any *ſtage*. "By ——, gentlemen," ſays Foote, "I do not think you have above *half* ſaid enough of him, for I think him not only the *greateſt* actor *on*, but *off** the ſtage."

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* It was to this perhaps doctor Goldſmith took the idea of Garrick's character in his poem called Retaliation.

When

When Sir Richard Steele was fitting up his great room in York-Buildings for public orations, he happened to be much indebted at the ſame time to his workmen, and going one day to ſee how they went forward, he ordered one of them to get into the roſtrum to make a ſpeech, that he might obſerve how it could be heard. The fellow mounting, and ſcratching his head, told him he knew not what to ſay, "for, in truth, he was no orator." "Oh!" ſaid the knight, "no matter for that, ſpeak any thing that comes uppermoſt." "Why then," ſays the fellow, "here, Sir Richard, have we been working for you theſe ſix months paſt, and cannot get one penny of money. Pray, Sir, when do you deſign to pay us?" "Enough, enough," ſays Sir Richard, "pray come down; your *voice* will do very well, if *you would but change your ſubject*."

An

An Iriſh clergyman at Bath being on the return to his own country (but inſenſibly detained by the pleaſures of the place) took leave of his friends ſeveral times for that purpoſe, but in vain. One morning, after taking what he called a *poſitive* farewell of a family he was very intimate in, the lady of the houſe happening to go to the public rooms that night, ſpied him very buſily engaged at a game of *Pharaoh*. "What, not gone yet, doctor," ſays the lady? "No, madam," replied the parſon very much confuſed, "we have been ſuddenly wind-bound again." "Ah! doctor," ſays ſhe, "I am afraid you are rather in the ſituation of *Joſeph*; *Pharaoh will not let you go.*"

The late lord Holland, (who was perhaps the fatteſt man of his height in England) and his brother Charles coming out of the Thatched houſe one night together, a chair

was

was called for the former, who altering his mind, agreed to go home in his brother's carriage, which was in waiting; the chairmen, however, being diſappointed, he gave them a ſhilling. "Long life to your lordſhip," ſays Paddy, "ſixpence more to your poor chairmen." "What, ſays he, "have not I given you your full fare?" "O, yes, your Lordſhip; but, *conſider the fright.*"

The late Charles Townſhend, who, tho' one of our greateſt orators, was more of a *mechanical* than a *real* wit, took down the late Mr. Fitzherbert in his carriage to a gentleman's houſe, where they were to ſpend the Chriſtmas together. When the company were preparing to return to town, Mr. Townſhend complimented lord M—, who was of the party, with the ſecond ſeat in his chaiſe, in preference to Mr. Fitzherbert, to whom however he thought neceſſary to make

ſome

ſome apology. " 'Pſhaw, 'pſhaw," ſays Fitzherbert, " make no apology to me, man, you are perfectly right in the change: conſider the *ſame ſtories will do over again.*"

Lord Cheſterfield and another gentleman paying a morning viſit together, juſt as the latter had ſtept out of the carriage, a great lamp, which hung in the center of an iron arch before the door, fell, and miſſed the gentleman only by about half an inch. " Good G—d, my lord," ſays he, much ſurprized, " I was near being *gone.*" " Why, yes," ſays my lord, very coolly, " but there would have been one comfort attending ſuch an accident, that you would have had *extreme unction* before you went."

A young nobleman who had juſt arrived from his travels, full of the follies of youth, and the vanities of his rank, was rattling away at a great rate one morning at the Smyrna coffee-houſe; he in particular took great

great pains to let the company know of what conſequence he was abroad, by the number of valuable preſents made him at the ſeveral courts of Europe: " For inſtance now," ſays he, " I have got a *bridle* given me by the king of France, ſo exceeding rich and elegant, that, upon my ſoul, I do not know what uſe to make of it." " A *bridle !* my lord," ſays an old gentleman, who ſat in the corner. " Yes, Sir," ſays his lordſhip. " Why then, I think, the beſt uſe you can make of it is to *put it about your tongue.*"

In Louis the XIVth's time the French players being at law with the Italians, whom they wanted to hinder from acting in *French*, the king was willing to take cognizance of their difference himſelf, and accordingly ordered a deputy from each company; *Baron* from the French, and *Arlequin* from the Ita-

Italians. When they came before the king, Baron ſpoke firſt, who according to his uſual manner, made a very grave ſerious ſpeech. Arlequin followed him, who after ſome apiſh tricks, aſked the king, "*[illegible] he would have him ſpeak?* His majeſty meaning only to apply to the preſent time, replied, '*Speak as you like beſt.*" But Arlequin turning the words to his own advantage, quickly replied, "I moſt [illegible] thank your majeſty, and ſhall im[illegible] report *this deciſion* to my brother co[illegible]ns.

Lady C—— viſiting a celebrated r——l library, aſked many queſtions of the librarian, from whom ſhe received very unſatisfactory anſwers: when ſhe came out ſhe obſerved his m——y treated his library *like a ſeraglio*, by committing the cuſtody of it *to an eunuch.*

Henry the IVth of France, on a famous proteſtant phyſician having quitted his religion,

gion, and becoming Roman catholic, turned about to the duke of Sully, who was with him when he heard it. " Well, Sully, what do you think of your religion, now it is *given over by the hyſician?*"

When doctor Johnſon was laſt in Scotland, he was waited upon at Edinburgh by the celebrated doctor Robertſon, author of the Hiſtory of Scotland, Charles the Vth. &c. In the courſe of his [illegible]s of Johnſon, what he had ſeen in th[illegible] the doctor aſked him whether he had been at the *kirk*; and if not, that he would accompany him there the next day. " With all my heart, doctor," ſays Johnſon, " I ſhould like to ſee the *kirk*, becauſe it *was once a church*."

Some time after the conqueſt of Minorca by marſhal Richlieu, he and madame Pompadour then the two greateſt favourites of the late king of France, were walking together

in the gardens of Verſailles, as the king was at one of the windows, upon which his majeſty called out to one of the lords in waiting, " *Voila mon epee et forreau.*"

Mr. L. Kennedy, the comedian, having the misfortune to be nearly burned to death by a fire in Chandois-ſtreet, Foote having ſome time afterwards engaged his ſon for the ſummer-ſeaſon at the Hay-Market, was aſking his treaſurer what ſort of a firſt appearance he made. " Why, faith, Sir," ſays Jewell, " I think pretty well; to be ſure the lad was a little *languid*, or ſo in the beginning." " Ah!" ſays Foote, " that is what was to be expected; conſider the father *run away with all the fire*."

An eminent carcaſe butcher, equally as meagre in his perſon as he was in his underſtanding, being one day in a bookſeller's ſhop where doctor Johnſon was, took up a volume

lume of poems; and by way of ſhewing his taſte, repeated, with great affectation, the following line:

" Who rules o'er freemen ſhould himſelf be free."

" There is poetry for you, doctor, what do you think of that?" " Rank nonſenſe, Sir," ſays the other; " it is an aſſertion without a proof; and *you* might with as much propriety ſay,

" Who ſlays fat oxen ſhould himſelf be fat."

Many years previous to doctor J—— writing The Falſe Alarm, Falkland's Iſland, The Patriot, &c. he was ſitting with a lady at Chelſea, who was ſhewing him from the bow-window of her drawing-room, what a fine proſpect it commanded, and in particular obſerved, what a clear view there was of the *palace*. " What palace, madam?" ſays

J——n. " 'Pſhaw; there can be no palace where there is no k——."

When Foote was in Ireland, he happened to ſee at the Caſtle, one levée day, a perſon in the *ſuite* of the lord lieutenant, whom he thought he had known for many years to have lived rather a life of *expediency* in London; to corroborate his ſuſpicion, he aſked lord Townſhend who he was? " That is one of my *gentlemen at large*," ſays his excellency: " Do you know him?" " O yes," ſays Foote, " very well; and what you tell me of him is very extraordinary: firſt that he is a *gentleman*; and next that he is *at large*."

When the duke of C———d firſt did Foote the honour of a viſit at North-End, previous to the day of appointment, his r—l h——ſs meeting him in the Hay-Market green-room, was aſking him many queſtions about

about its ſituation, extent, &c." "Why," ſays Foote, "Sir, I am prettily enough ſituated, and in point of extent, I believe North-End may be about as big as *Mecklenburg-Strelitz*."

It is uſual for players of very inconſiderable rank at both the London theatres, when they get down to the country in the ſummer, to exert all their influence for getting into thoſe characters which they think their genius (however their ill-ſtars may have oppoſed) originally deſigned them. A Mr. Perry, late of Covent-Garden theatre, as manager of Canterbury, a few ſummers ago was figuring away, amongſt this number, in the character of Richard the IIId. when a gentleman in the pit aſked who he was? "His name is *Perry*," ſays the perſon he applied to. "Ah!" ſays the other, ſhaking his head, "would *it* were *mum*."

The Mrs. *Reddiſh*, that was *Miſs Hart* (for the gentleman from whom ſhe takes her name, has had ſo many *female connexions*, it is impoſſible to diſtinguiſh them, but by their original names) playing the queen in Richard, one night at Drury-lane theatre, and being rather of a coarſe maſculine make, a gentleman aſked Foote, who ſat next him, who ſhe was? Being told her name was Reddiſh. "Reddiſh! Reddiſh!" ſays the gentleman, endeavouring to recollect her. "Aye, Sir, ſays the wit, *Horſe Reddiſh*."

At the time of the Jubilee in honour of Shakeſpeare, planned and conducted by Mr. Garrick, the weather in general (though early in September) turned out very bad; particularly the day appointed for the public proceſſion, which obliged that part of the ceremony to be diſpenſed with. Garrick meeting Foote on the morning of this day

in

in the public breakfaſting-room, juſt in the moment of a very heavy ſhower of rain. "Well, Sam," ſays he, rather diſappointedly, "What do you think of this?" "Think of it," ſays Foote: "Why, I think, it is *God's revenge againſt vanity*."

Counſellor C—— being with a party to dine out of town, one of the company, who was a phyſician, ſtrolled out before dinner into the church-yard, which happened to be juſt joining the tavern. Dinner being ſerved up, and the doctor not returned, ſome of the company were expreſſing their ſurprize, where he could be gone to. "Oh!" ſays the counſellor, "he is but juſt ſtept out to pay a viſit to ſome of *his old patients*."

A gentleman remarkable for having a great deal of lead in his forehead, called one morning on the above counſellor, who aſked him what news? "Why," ſays the other, "I do

" I do not know, my head is confoundedly *out of order* this morning." " That is extraordinary news, indeed," ſays the counſellor. " What! an extraordinary thing for a man to have the head-ach!" " No, Sir," ſays he, " I do not ſay that; but for ſo *ſimple a machine to be out of order* is damned extraordinary indeed!"

A young " talking Sir," who had juſt got a commiſſion in the Middleſex militia, was rattling away one morning at the Smyrna, about his very great knowledge in every branch of the manual exerciſe, when a half-pay veteran officer, who ſat by, laid him a wager, to be decided by the company, he did not know the *firſt* word of command. The wager was accepted, when the veteran marched out into the centre of the room, and putting himſelf in a military poſture, cried out, " *Silence.*"

Some

Some gentlemen being diſappointed of their ſupper, in point of time, one night at the Bedford-Arms, the maſter of the houſe made an apology, by ſaying it was owing to a ridiculous quarrel between the cook and the ſcullion, about who was the greateſt traveller. So whimſical a diſpute not only pacified the company; but they immediately determined to decide this difference themſelves, by ordering up the combatants face to face. When they were introduced, the ſcullion, who ſeemed by his appearance to have the beſt of the fray, was firſt interrogated, who declared he had travelled both by land and ſea, twice to Graves-end, and once to Canterbury. The cook, who by many evident marks had been well ſouſed in the dripping-pan, was juſt entering on his peregrinations, when one of the company cried out, "Pray, gentlemen, what need

you

you aſk him any queſtions; do not you ſee he has been *all over Greece?*"

When C—— Fox firſt heard of his ſiſter-in-law, lady M——y F—x being brought to bed of a ſon and heir, he was called out of what he calls the Jeruſalem-Chamber, where he had a large levée, to be informed of the circumſtance. On his return, ſeeing ſome little kind of diſappointment perhaps in his face, the whole tribe of Levi almoſt unanimouſly called out, "Vat is de matter?" "Bad enough, by ——," ſays C——s, "here is a *ſecond Meſſiah* come to plague you all."

Lady H——n ſitting rather in a *ſtraddling* poſture one evening by the fire, my lord, who was at the oppoſite ſide, and had a mind to be witty, cried out, "My lady, your cabinet's open." "More ſhame for you, my lord," ſays ſhe, "who have got the key of it."

The

The firſt night of the Beggar's-Opera being brought on at Lincoln's-inn-Fields playhouſe, the audience being then not much acquainted with the nature of operas, expected the uſual muſic before the drawing up of the curtain. Finding themſelves, however, as they imagined, likely to be bilked, they expreſſed great diſapprobation, inſomuch that the celebrated Jack Hall was deputed by the managers to explain to the audience that in all operas it was a rule to have no muſic prior to the overture. Jack, ſeeming well inſtructed in this deputation, came on with a tolerable grace; but being abaſhed at the general ſilence, which, in order to hear him, had ſuddenly enſued an univerſal uproar, blundered out, "Ladies and Gentlemen, we— we— beg you will not inſiſt on firſt and ſecond muſic; becauſe you all know, ladies and gentlemen, *that there is never any muſic at all at an opera.*"

A gen-

A gentleman once aſked doctor Johnſon "What was his real opinion of Macklin, for I hear," ſays he, "he is very clever." "What, Macklin clever!" ſays the doctor, "No, no, Sir, the fellow is *a conſtant renovation of hope*, with an *eternal diſappointment*."

The firſt night that Savigny (who was a cutler by profeſſion) appeared at Covent-Garden theatre in Barbaroſſa, lady Harrington, who ſat in the ſame box with Sir Francis Delaval, being much affected, turned about to the knight, and obſerved, "He was really very *cutting*." "Oh! dear madam," ſays Sir Francis, "I am not much ſurprized at that, conſider he is a *razor-grinder*."

When the celebrated doctor Taylor firſt ſet up his coach, he conſulted with Foote about the choice of a motto. "What are your

your arms?" ſays the wit. "Three mallards," cried the doctor. "Very good," ſays Foote, "why then the motto I would recommend to you is, *Quack——Quack——Quack.*"

Upon the grandfather of the preſent earl of Albemarle's getting the blue ribband, who was previouſly a knight of the thiſtle, he was ſpoke to by lord P——re to ſolicit the late king for his former ribband. My lord Albemarle accordingly took the firſt opportunity to preſent lord P——'s duty at the levee, and aſk the favour. "What! give him a ribband," ſays his m——y, "a fellow that has always been voting againſt the court. How could you aſk it, Albemarle?" "Sire, I can tell you, he means to be more grateful for your majeſty's favour for the future," ſays my lord. "Well, I do not care for that, he's a *puppy*, a mere *puppy*, and ſhall

not have it." The king having ſaid this, was turning on his heel, when Albemarle cries out, " To be ſure, Sire, there is no contradicting what you ſay ; but then what is a *puppy* without his *collar* ?"

A gentleman having ſent a porter on a meſſage, which he executed much to his ſatisfaction, had the curioſity to aſk his name; being informed it was *Ruſſel*, " Pray (ſays the gentleman) is *your coat of arms* the ſame as the duke of Bedford's ?" " As to our *arms*, your honour," ſays the porter, " I believe they are pretty much alike ; but there is a damned deal of difference between *our coats*."

When lord Cheſterfield's letters to his ſon firſt came out, a gentleman was aſking doctor Johnſon, whether they did not contain great knowledge of the world ? " O, yes, Sir," ſays Johnſon, " very much ſo, they incul-

inculcate the *morals* of a *wh—re*, and the *manners* of a *dancing-maſter*."

A gentleman who had long danced attendance at the late duke of Newcaſtle's levee, being one morning cooling his heels in the anti-chambers, along with a number of other unfortunate ſolicitors; one of the company was praiſing the elegant ſtuccoing of the ceiling. "Yes, yes," ſays the gentleman, "it is really very elegant, and what is more, it is of a piece with the flooring." "How can that be, Sir?" ſays the other. "Why do not *you* ſee, Sir, *as well as I*, that both the *top* and *bottom* of the room is *full of fret-work*."

The late lord Cheſterfield being at the above nobleman's levee, when *Garnet upon Job*, a book dedicated to his grace, happened to lie in the window, his lordſhip took up the book, and was reading it, juſt as the

duke entered. " Well, my lord," ſays his grace, " I ſhould be glad of your opinion on that book?" " The beſt book in the world," replied his lordſhip, " for one that attends your grace's levee."

The late duke of Newcaſtle, who was at times a great idler for a ſtateſman, being one morning at the levee, running up and down about the room, with a face of much importance and enquiry, a lady aſked the dowager lady T———d, who was preſent, what ſhe thought his grace was looking for. " O Lord," ſays ſhe, " for nothing at all, madam, but the *two hours he loſt in the morning.*"

A Jew, who was dreſſed out in a tawdry ſuit of laced cloaths, giving in bail before lord Mansfield, ſerjeant Davy, who was council for the plaintiff, was putting the queſtion hard to the Iſraelite, to know whether

ther he was worth ſuch a ſum of money, clear of all debts? The Jew ſeveral times anſwered in the affirmative; but the ſerjeant ſtill perſiſting in his interrogatories, my lord turns to the ſerjeant, "Poh! Poh! brother Davy, how can you teaſe the gentleman ſo, do not you ſee *he would burn* for much more?"

Some time after madame Barre got the honour of the guards, which was for a long time violently oppoſed by the duc de Choiſeul, ſhe happened to be at a party of whiſt at court, where the duke and ſhe were partners. In the courſe of the game they happened to be *eight*, (a number well known to entitle the party to call) when the counteſs held three honours in her own hand, upon which ſhe aſked her partner, the duke, (as is uſual) "Can you one?" "No, madame," replied his grace. "Why then," ſays the

counteſs, giving him a very ſignificant look, and laying down her cards at the ſame time, "*you ſee, my lord duke, I can get the honours without you.*"

When the *Coterie* was firſt eſtabliſhed, one of the general rules was, that *two* members, male or female, married or unmarried, made a club. One of the elderly ladies, not ſo very ſcrupulous in *private*, was however for making an alteration in this rule, by inſiſting on the number being *three*; "for," ſays ſhe, "ſuppoſe a lady and gentleman might happen to meet firſt, would not it be a very aukward ſituation?" Not at all, madam," ſaid lord H—t—gton, who happened to be preſent, "for *you* know, a gentleman and lady can readily make a *third*."

As the celebrated Ninon L'Enclos (who was as remarkable for her gallantry as beauty) was going to court one day, her chairman

man happened to ſtumble, by which accident ſhe fell *forward*, and diſlocated her knee: a young waterman coming up juſt at the ſame time, being informed of the cauſe of the crowd, bawled out, " *Le diable c'eſt une toute! Elle tomba a la renverſe tres toujours.*"

In a Chriſtmas party at Euſton, conſiſting of the duke of G———n, lord B—b—e, George Selwyn, and a country ſquire, whoſe wife had lately eloped, the latter was one day after dinner extolling for a long time what a fine fair for *horned* cattle he had upon his eſtate, when Selwyn, heartily tired of ſuch converſation, propoſed going to play. " Stop a while," ſays the duke, " I expect Sir Charles Bunbury here preſently." " Do you ſo?" ſays Selwyn, ſlapping the ſquire, who ſat next to him, upon the back, " why then by ——, we ſhall have a *horn-fair* of our own."

When

When doctor Brown, who was vice-chancellor of Cambridge, took leave of the univerſity, he did it, as uſual, in form from the roſtrum. It is always allowable on theſe occaſions for the fellow-commoners and ſtudents to ſhew their marks of approbation, or diſapprobation. When the doctor accordingly mounted the roſtrum, the whole audience began to *hiſs*; upon which he immediately replied, "Laudamur *ab his*."

The ſame gentleman being in company, when he was called upon for a toaſt, gave a lady he was very fond of. "Aye, doctor," ſays one of the party, "I have known you toaſt this fair lady for a great many "years." Very true," ſays the doctor, "but you ſee I cannot make her *Brown* yet."

The late Mr. Rich's abilities, as a Harlequin, are univerſally known. Coming home one night from the play-houſe, he got

got into a hackney-coach, and ordered the man to drive him to the Sun-Tavern, Clare-market: it happened as the coachman was driving by the window, Rich perceiving it to be opened, threw himſelf out of the coach into the room: the man, not taking notice of this circumſtance, drew up, and getting from his box, opened the coach-door, let down the ſtep, and then taking off his hat, waited for ſome time, expecting his fare to alight: at laſt looking into the coach, and ſeeing it empty, he beſtowed a few hearty curſes on the raſcal that bilked him, and remounting his box, was driving home. Rich, watching his opportunity, on the coachman's return, threw himſelf in at the window again, and calling out, as loud as he could bawl, bid him turn about, for he was going wrong. The fellow, almoſt petrified with the circumſtance, did as he was ordered,

ordered, and once more drew up to the tavern-door. When Rich got out, after ſeemingly reproaching the fellow for his ſtupidity, he offered him his fare. "No, God bleſs your honour," ſays the man, "I cannot think of taking any money from *you*." "'Pſhaw, you are a fool," ſays Rich, "here is eighteen-pence for you." "No," ſays the coachman, who by this time had mounted his box, "that will not do; I know you too well, though you do *wear ſhoes*: and ſo, Mr. *Devil*, for once in your life you are flung."

Shuter being one night very merry at the Bedford-Coffee-Houſe, the converſation happened to turn on the abilities of Mr. Garrick, as an actor, when amongſt many compliments to that celebrated performer, it was obſerved as ſomewhat extraordinary that though he was ſo excellent an actor himſelf, he

he was far from being lucky in his pupils. "Why, yes," replies Shuter, "though the *little* one is a *great* one, he is ſomething like the famous running-horſe Childers, the beſt racer in England *himſelf*, but could *never get a colt*."

It is a particular privilege belonging to the vice-chancellor to admit ſervitors, as Bachelors of Arts, before they go through their *degrees:* an application being made to doctor Brown for this purpoſe, the doctor replied, "Be a little patient, gentlemen, I aſſure you you ſhall get them *by degrees*."

Rochefoucault (the French Rocheſter of Lewis XIVth's court) having offended the king, hired a dung-cart, and ſtripping himſelf quite naked, got up to the chin in it, juſt as his majeſty was paſſing through the ſtreets of Paris in ſtate. The dung-cart man, as inſtructed, immediately fell wrangling

ling with one of the king's poſtillions, which occaſioned ſo much noiſe, that the king put his head out of the window to know what was the matter. Rochefoucault, watching the opportunity, raiſed himſelf forward in the cart, all bemired as he was, and bowing very reſpectfully to his majeſty, replied, " Nothing at all, Sire, but that *your coachman and mine* have had a fracas together."

The Spaniſh ambaſſador, in the reign of Lewis XIV. ſitting in company with a French nobleman, every now and then hiccuped in a very pompous manner, every time apologizing by repeating the words, " Gravitas Hiſpaniola." The Frenchman, after meditating how to be revenged for ſuch an an indecency, at laſt turned the tables on him by f—t—g, every time the Spaniard hiccuped, crying out in turn, " *Liberte Fran-*

Francois." This gave great umbrage, and the ambaſſador complained to the king, who, upon hearing the ſtory, told the Frenchman, "he muſt make it up in the moſt amicable manner poſſible." "With all my heart, Sire, replied the Frenchman, "and to ſhew ſignior I intended no affront, I am willing the *offending parts* ſhould *kiſs* and be friends this inſtant."

Some time after the late lord Waldegrave abjured the catholic religion, he was ſent ambaſſador to France, where he reſided ſeveral years. Being one day at an entertainment where his couſin the duke of Berwick, and many other noblemen were preſent, the duke wanting to mortify him on the ſcore of religion, aſked his lordſhip, whether the *miniſters* of ſtate, or the *miniſters* of the goſpel, had the greateſt ſhare in his converſion? "Good G—d, my lord duke," ſays Walde-

grave, " how can you aſk me ſuch a queſtion ? Do not you know that when I quitted the Roman Catholic religion, *I left off Confeſſion ?*".

The celebrated earl of Dorſet, having a great deſire to ſpend an evening with Mr. Butler, ſpoke to Mr. Fleetwood Shepherd to introduce him. The three wits accordingly ſome time after met at a tavern, when upon the firſt bottle Mr. Butler was rather flat ; on the ſecond he broke out the man of wit and reading ; but, on the third relapſed into a tameneſs of converſation, very inferior to the author of Hudibraſs. Next morning Mr. Shepherd aſked his lordſhip how he liked his friend Butler ? " I do not know any thing better to compare him to," ſays his lordſhip, " than a *ninepin* ; *little at both ends*, but *great in the middle.*"

Soon

Soon after the late lord Chefterfield was made a privy-counfellor, a place of great truft became vacant, to which his late majefty and the duke of Dorfet recommended two very different perfons. His m——y efpoufed the intereft of his friend with fome heat, and upon leaving the council-chamber told them, "he expected to be obeyed." However, the place being an object of confequence, on a debate it was carried againft the k—g. It fell to lord Chefterfield's lot to carry the inftrument to be figned, who knowing the paffionate temper of his m———y, prudently forbore afking him to fign the inftrument; but very fubmiffively demanded whofe name he would be pleafed to have inferted in the blanks. The king, being privately acquainted with their deliberations, paffionately replied, "The devil, "Sir, if you will." "Very well, replied

his lordſhip ; but would your m———y have the inſtrument run in the uſual ſtile, *To our truſty well-beloved friend and counſellor the devil ?*"

A little after lord Chatham (then Mr. Pitt) had *changed* his *political ſentiments* in regard to the protection of Hanover, in the courſe of replying one day in the Houſe of commons to the late Sir Francis Blake Delaval, he threw out ſome ſarcaſtical reflections on him for appearing on the ſtage ; upon which the other got up and acknowledged it was true : youth and whim led him *once* to amuſe himſelf that way : but he could ſafely lay his hand on his *heart* and ſay, " *He never acted but one part.*"

When Swift was a young man, and by no means known in the literary world, he happened to be ſtanding in a careleſs manner with his back to the fire at Old Slaughter's coffee

coffee-houſe; a gentleman juſt oppoſite to him, who was ſuperſcribing a letter, ſeeing a raw-boned awkward fellow rather engroſs the fire, calls out, "Pray, young man, have you got any *ſand* about you?" "No, friend," ſays Swift, "but I have got ſome *gravel*, and if you give me your letter, *I will p—ſs upon it directly*."

The father of the late lord Clive dining in a mixed company with the late duke of Newcaſtle, ſome time after the famous battle of Plaſſey, the duke, as he uſually did, immediately after dinner, gave a certain monoſyllable-toaſt, under the name of "The general." Clive who thought this a particular compliment paid to his ſon, immediately cried out, "My lord duke, I humbly thank you for this kind mark of affection to *my family*."

Doctor Mills, one of queen Anne's chaplains, being promiſed by her majeſty the firſt vacant Iriſh biſhoprick, ſome time after this waited upon her to let her know the biſhop of *Waterford* was dead. The queen, who, in the multiplicity of her buſineſs, had quite forgot her promiſe, aſked him, "What then?" "Nothing, pleaſe your majeſty," ſays the other; but that I think your *Water-ford* wants *Mills*."

During the firſt city poll for lord-mayor, where Mr. Wilkes was a candidate, a livery-man came to Guildhall in a ſedan-chair to give his vote: Wilkes ſeeing the chair brought into the hall, jocularly turned about to alderman Hallifax, and ſaid, "This is not for me I am ſure; for I am a beggar, and cannot afford it." "Nor I neither," ſays Hallifax, for I am a *bankrupt*, and can leſs afford it." "Aye, but," replied Wilks, "by G—d the miniſtry can."

Some

Some years ago doctor Arne produced an operetta at Covent-Garden theatre, called the *Roſe*, which (though there were many *ſcriptural alluſions* in it) was hiſſed off the ſtage the firſt night. Foote getting into the lobby of the houſe juſt after its fate, was aſked by an acquaintance what he really thought of it. "Why, bating the *piety* of it, ſays the wit, I muſt confeſs I never ſaw a piece ſo juſtly *damned* in my life."

Counſellor Clive, (who very early after his marriage with the celebrated Mrs. Clive the actreſs, parted from her) returning from the weſtern circuit ſome years ago, found that his waſher-woman had pawned ſome of his linen in his abſence; upon which he diſpatched his footman to engage another in that capacity, whoſe honeſty might be depended on: a laundreſs was ſoon found, and while the ſervant was counting out the dirty

dirty cloaths, ſhe was employed in giving an account of the many reſpectable families ſhe waſhed for. " I alſo waſh for a name-ſake of your honour's too." " A name-ſake of mine," ſays the counſellor. " Yes, and pleaſe you, ſays ſhe, and a mighty good ſort of a woman, 'thof ſhe be one of the *player folks*." " Oh! what you waſh for Mrs. Clive, the actreſs, do you?" " Yes, indeed, Sir, and ſhe is one of my beſt cuſtomers too." " Is ſhe ſo," replied the counſellor? " Stop, John! toſs the cloaths into the cloſet again. Here, good woman, here is half-a-crown for you: I am ſorry you have had this trouble; you can never waſh for me, for I will be d——nd if ever I ſuffer *my ſhirt* to be *rubbed againſt her ſhift* again as long as I live."

The late earl of Cheſterfield being *very deaf* ſome years before his death, a gentleman

man was telling him, who had juſt come from the levee, that he had heard his lordſhip was talked of to be lord-lieutenant of Ireland. "Very probably, Sir," ſays his lordſhip, "for I am ſure I am fitter for that employment *now* than formerly, becauſe *I can hear none of the people's complaints.*"

During the time Weſtminſter-Bridge was in agitation to be built, a fooliſh young nobleman aſked the late lord Cheſterfield, "Whether the *piers* would be of ſtone or wood?" "Oh, ſays his lordſhip, "of ſtone to be ſure; for *you know* we have too many *wooden peers* already *at Weſtminſter.*"

A gentleman aſking Foote, ſoon after the affair of crim. con. between the d—ke of C——d, and lady G——v——r, what he thought of the verdict? "Why," ſays the wit, "I think his r—l h—ſs rather wrong in the amour; but, d— me, I think theſe

twelve

twelve appraiſers have confoundedly over-valued his paſtime."

Lady H———n and the honourable Mrs F———y playing a party at picquet one night at the coterie, lord H—g—ton aſked them what they played for? "O!" ſaid the ladies, "we are only playing *for honour.*" "*Why then,* ſays his lordſhip, *there will be nothing for the cards.*"

An Iriſh country gentleman, who was rather an œconomiſt for the meridian of that country, when ever he found his gueſts diſpoſed to puſh about the bottle briſkly, uſed frequently to enter into a panegyric on the virtues of his daughter, which being a ſubject the company were in good manners obliged to liſten to, anſwered the deſired intent. One day boaſting how much ſhe ſaved him as an œconomiſt, a gentleman preſent, ſeeing the bottle ſtand before him for above half

an

an hour, exclaimed, " And beſide all this, gentlemen, there is not a year of his life ſhe does not likewiſe ſave him above a *tun of wine*."

The late king being fond of old Whiſton, (celebrated for his various ſtrictures on religion) happened to be walking with him one day in Hampton-Court-Gardens, during the heat of his perſecution; as they were talking upon this ſubject, his majeſty obſerved, " That however right he might be in his opinions, it would be better if he kept them to himſelf." " Is your majeſty really ſerious in your advice?" anſwered the old man. " I really am," replied the king. " Why then," ſays Whiſton, " had Martin Luther been of your way of thinking, where would your majeſty have been at this time?"

A few days previous to Foote's opening the Hay-Market laſt ſeaſon, amongſt a vari-

ety

ety of applications for engagements, a lady came to him warmly recommended. Some time after ſhe was introduced, enſued the following ſcene. " Pray, madam," ſays Foote, " are you for tragedy or comedy?" No anſwer. " Are you a veteran, or is it your firſt attempt?" Not a word. " Are you married, madam, for if you are, by ——, your huſband is very happy in regard to your tongue?" By this time the lady perceived ſhe was ſpoken to, when (drawing her chair cloſe up to the wit's, and turning one of her ears to him at the ſame time) ſhe replied, " Speak a little louder, Sir, for *I am deaf*."

The firſt night that Mr. *Diamond* made his appearance at Drury-Lane theatre, a lady was obſerving to a gentleman, who ſat near her, that a number of *Jews* were in the houſe. " O Lord, madam, (ſays he) I do not

not wonder at that; conſider they are come *to try the value of a diamond.*"

Some time after the publication of Oſſian, doctor Blair, who wrote notes on that celebrated *equivocal* performance, after highly applauding it before doctor Johnſon, aſked him, whether he thought there was any man living could write ſuch another Epic poem? "O yes, Sir," ſays Johnſon, *many men, many women,* and *many children.*"

When Foote firſt heard of the above doctor's writing notes to Oſſian, (a performance the *reality* of which has been doubted) he obſerved the bookſellers ought to allow a great diſcount to the purchaſers. "Why ſo," ſays a gentleman preſent. "Becauſe," ſays he, "they are *notes* of damned *long credit.*"

When Wilkinſon, the celebrated comedian, firſt appeared on the ſtage, he applied himſelf principally to mimickry, which he

ſucceeded ſo well in as to meet with almoſt univerſal applauſe. Amongſt the various characters he took off, was the late Luke Sparks, who felt it ſo powerfully, that he made a formal complaint to Mr. Garrick. Garrick, who himſelf ſmarted under the laſh of the mimic, laughed it off, and ſaid, "Come, come, Luke, you had better take no notice of it; conſider if you are mimicked, it is in *good company*." "Very true, Sir," ſays the other, gravely: "but I have known many a man *ruined* by keeping *good company*."

Doctor Hough, ſome time ſince biſhop of Worceſter, who was as remarkable for the evenneſs of his temper, as for many other good qualities, having a good deal of company at his houſe, a gentleman preſent deſired his lordſhip to ſhew him a curious weather-glaſs which the biſhop had lately purchaſed,

chaſed, and which coſt him above thirty guineas: the ſervant was accordingly deſired to bring it, who in delivering it to the gentleman, accidentally let it fall, and broke it all to pieces. The company were all a little deranged from this accident, but particularly the gentleman that aſked to ſee it, and who was making many apologies for the accident. "Be under no concern, my dear Sir," ſays the biſhop, ſmiling, "I think it is rather a lucky omen; we have hitherto had a dry ſeaſon, and now, I hope, we ſhall have ſome rain; for I proteſt I do not remember ever to have ſeen the *glaſs ſo low* in my life."

The preſent lord chief juſtice of ———, when counſellor M——, being obliged to aſk pardon of the Houſe of Commons on his knees, when he got up, he bruſhed them, and obſerved to a friend, who was near him,

he *was never in ſo dirty a houſe in his life.* " O!" ſays the other, " that is always the caſe in houſes, where there is ſo much *lumber.*"

Foote being at a nobleman's houſe over a bottle with him, the wit was commending the claret as ſome of the beſt he ever taſted: upon which the nobleman told him, he had that hogſhead of wine in return for a couple of hounds which he ſome time before preſented count L—— with. " Why then, my lord," ſays Foote, " I think your wine not only excellent, but *dog cheap.*"

The preſent dutcheſs of Kingſton, when Miſs Chudleigh, having obtained for her mother a ſuite of chambers at Hampton-Court, his late majeſty, ſome time after meeting her at the levee, aſked her, how her mother liked her new apartments? " Perfectly well, Sire," ſays the other, " in point of room,

and

and ſituation, if the poor woman had but a bed, and a few chairs to put in them?" "O, by all means," ſays the king; and immediately gave orders for furniſhing her bed-chamber. In a few months after this order the bill was brought in, which ran thus: "To a bed, &c. for Mrs. Chudleigh *four thouſand pounds.*" The ſum was ſo great the lord-chamberlain would not paſs the account until he ſhewed it to the king. His majeſty immediately ſaw how he was taken in; but it was too late to retract: he accordingly gave orders for the payment, and obſerved at the ſame time, if Mrs. Chudleigh found the bed *as hard as he did*, ſhe would never lie down on it as long as ſhe lived."

Some years ago two comedians belonging to Covent-Garden theatre having a wager about which of them ſung beſt, they agreed to leave it to doctor Arne, who undertook

to be arbitrator on this occaſion. A day was accordingly agreed on, and both the parties executed to the beſt of their abilities before him. As ſoon as they had finiſhed, the doctor proceeded to give judgment in the following manner: "As for you, Sir," addreſſing himſelf to the firſt, "you are by much the *worſt* ſinger I ever heard in my life." "Ah," ſays the other, exultingly, "I knew I ſhould win the wager." "Stop, Sir," ſays the doctor "I have a word to ſay to you before you go; which is this, that as for you, by ——, *you cannot ſing at all.*"

One of Charles the IXth of France's courtiers, who was very fat, preſented him with a copy of verſes, which were but of the *mediocre* kind, on which the prince replied in Latin, (a language which the cuſtom of that time permitted even polite peo-

ple

ple to ſprinkle their converſation with) "*Equi et poetæ alendi ſunt, non Saginandi.* Poets and horſes ſhould not be fattened, but fed."

A few years ago ſerjeant D——— being concerned in a cauſe which he wanted to put off a few days, aſked the preſent chief of the K—g's B—ch when he would bring it on? "Friday next," ſays his lordſhip. "Will you conſider, my lord, Friday next will be *Good-Friday*." "I do not care for that." "Well, my lord, to be ſure you may do as you pleaſe; but if you do, I believe you will be the firſt judge who did buſineſs on a good Friday ſince Pontius Pilate's time."

Foote being ſome time ſince at a nobleman's houſe, his lordſhip, as ſoon as dinner was over, ordered a bottle of Cape to be ſet on the table, which, after magnifying

its

its good qualities, and in particular its *age*, he ſent round the table in glaſſes that ſcarcely held a thimble-full. "Fine wine, upon my ſoul," ſays the wit, taſting and ſmacking his lips. "Is it not very *curious*," ſays his lordſhip? "Perfectly ſo indeed," ſays the other: "I do not remember to ſee any thing ſo *little* of *its age* in my life before."

A gentleman aſking doctor Johnſon why he hated the Scotch ſo much? the other replied, "You are miſtaken, Sir, I do not hate the Scotch; neither do I hate frogs, provided they keep in their *native element*; but I do not like to have them hopping about my bed-chamber."

Dr. Johnſon being aſked his real opinion of the writings of Mr. Hoole, (author of Cyrus, Cleonice, &c.) replied, "They were ſuch as a wiſe man ſhould be aſhamed to remember."

As

As lady B— L—, now lady T——, was preſiding one evening at the tea-table, one of her ruffles caught the flame of the tea-lamp, and burned before it could be extinguiſhed. Lord M———, who was of the party, and thought to be witty on the accident, remarked, "He did not think her ladyſhip ſo apt to *take fire*—" "Nor am I, my lord," ſays ſhe, with great readineſs, "from *ſuch ſparks* as you."

A SHORT

A SHORT

ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE

OF

PUBLIUS SYRUS.

IT is one of the principal misfortunes of the moderns, that ſome of the fineſt monuments of the wit and judgment of the antients are loſt to us through the ravages of time. The exalted characters given by many well known authors of antiquity of their predeceſſors and cotemporaries, and the fragments of ſome of theſe themſelves, afford many melancholy proofs of the truth of this aſſertion.

In

In this mutilated liſt, none appears to have had a higher reputation than PUBLIUS SYRUS, an author ſcarcely known in the preſent day, ſo few of his works have come down to us; but ſo celebrated in his own time as to lead the drama; a department of writing in which he particularly excelled. PUBLIUS was born about the time of Cicero; he was a Syrian by birth, and, from that circumſtance called SYRUS. He received his education at Rome, in the condition of a ſlave; but had ſo ſingular a genius for wit, and the writing of comic pieces, as ſoon to obtain his freedom.

Being ſolicited by Julius Cæſar to bear a part in his plays, he ſucceeded ſo highly in the opinion of the beſt judges, that he challenged all the dramatic writers and actors, and won the prize from every one of them, even from Laberius himſelf. Cæſar openly declared

declared in favour of Publius againſt Laberius, on account of the intrinſic merit of his pieces, and the elegance of his ſtyle: Caſſius Severus calls him *moſt excellent*; and Avienus, "that he abounded with *true humour*."

The opinions of three ſuch names ſurely muſt be allowed to ſtamp the higheſt reputation: Yet alas! all we have left of this celebrated antient is *the following Collection of Sentences*, which Joſeph Scaliger thought ſo highly of, as not only to beſtow on them the greateſt encomiums, but to tranſlate them into Greek; and which we, following ſo great an authority, now firſt introduce to the public in an Engliſh dreſs.

THE FRAGMENTS OF PUBLIUS SYRUS.

CHAP. I.

Of Love and Women.

LOVE may be produced by choice, but you cannot when you chuſe get free from it.

Love may ſlip out of the heart, but it will not be forced out of it.

To love and to be wiſe is hardly granted to a God.

A lover knows what he would have, but not what he ought to have.

Love is an ornament to a young man, but a diſgrace to an old one.

A lover's dreams riſe out of his waking ſuſpicions.

An angry lover tells many lies to himſelf.

A paſſionate man in love is always a liar.

Venus may be ruled by perſuaſions, but not by threats.

What gives the wound of love cures it.

A good face is a ſilent recommendation.

There is no medium between hating a woman, and loving her.

When a woman is openly ſcandalous, ſhe has ſome goodneſs.

When a woman thinks by herſelf, ſhe thinks wickedly.

In evil council, women exceed men.

To

To rule the paſſions of women is a deſperate undertaking.

A virtuous wife rules her huſband by obeying him.

Moſt marriages are repented of.

A woman who marries many, pleaſes few.

When an old woman is amorous, ſhe but courts death.

For women to pretend not to weep at pleaſure is a down right lie.

CHAP. II.

Of Friendſhip and Agreement.

THE union of benevolent minds is the neareſt kindred.

Proſperity procures friends, but adverſity proves them.

Truſt to your friend ſo far as that your enemy may not hurt you.

Deal with a friend as if he might one day turn your enemy.

A reconciled enemy ſhould be cautiouſly dealt with.

Reconciliation is made dear by former diſagreement.

Truth is loſt in too much altercation.

By indulging the vices of your friend, you make them your own.

You

You muſt love a parent that does his duty, and bear with one who does not.

Agreement among themſelves makes trifles conſiderable.

A pleaſant companion on a journey is better than a coach and ſix

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

Of Fortune and Adverſity.

THE complaints of men have made fortune a goddeſs.

It is eaſier to procure proſperity than to retain it.

Misfortune can moſt eaſily attack the great.

Fortune is variable, ſhe immediately demands again what ſhe has given.

Whatever is done through confidence in fortune, is ill done.

Fortune flatters only to deceive.

Fortune is of glaſs, or a bubble which breaks while it is ſhining.

Fortune makes a fool of him whom ſhe long careſſes.

No fortune is ſo good as not to be complained of.

Let the guilty fear the law, the innocent fortune.

Fortune never is content by giving a ſingle wound.

Fortune never excels wiſdom.

Man knows not what to wiſh, or what to fear, ſo tranſitory are all things.

Fortune makes him grateful whom nobody ever ſaw.

No hour that is good to one, but is bad to another.

Succeſsful knavery is the miſery of the virtuous.

Miſerable is he who has no enemy.

You can call nothing your own which is liable to change.

The proſperity of wicked perſons quickly turns to their deſtruction.

No contumely attends poverty.

An unexperienced evil is the heavieſt.

How many ſorrowful occurrences do thoſe meet with who live long.

Reflexion is wanting to the miſerable, and yet abounds.

He who has no houſe is dead without a ſepulchre.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

Of the Viciſſitude of Things.

EVERY day is worſe than the former.

One's gain is another's loſs.

Nothing is agreeable that wants variety.

CHAP. V.

Of Life and Death.

WHEN life is agreeable, the doom of death is the beſt.

Man is accommodated to life, not abſolutely given to it.

To be born, and to die is an univerſal law.

He who ſeeks death avoids the crimes of life.

We muſt once die, but not when we will.

He dies twice who dies by his own means.

They live ill who think of living always.

Happy is the man who dies before he wiſhes for death.

Thoſe who live pleaſantly die the eaſieſt.

O Life

O life—long to the miſerable, and ſhort to the happy.

That death is happy which ends misfortunes.

How much is he to be feared who looks upon death as an advantage!

It is to die twice, to die by the command of another.

A man dies as often as he loſes thoſe who are dear to him.

CHAP. VI.

Of Fortitude.

IT is a pleaſing diſgrace to ſuffer in a good cauſe.

It is a pleaſing diſgrace which keeps one out of danger.

Boldneſs is uſeful in doubtful things.

A noble mind is never doubtful.

Danger cannot be avoided without danger.

A brave and honeſt mind cannot endure calumny.

Slander will not ſtick on honeſty.

A brave man, or an happy one can bear envy.

Dependance on another is hateful to an open-hearted man.

By

By bearing an old affront, you invite a new one.

Revenge upon an enemy gives new life.

Swiftneſs in revenge is criminal.

The ſwifteſt diſpatch ſeems ſlow to deſire.

CHAP. VII.

Of Anger.

HE who rules his anger ſubdues his greateſt enemy.

The reſentment of an honeſt man is the heavieſt.

Anger ſoon dies in a virtuous breaſt.

It is better to overcome by wiſdom than by anger.

A man who is angry is no longer himſelf.

An angry man thinks it a crime to take advice.

Avoid an angry man for a while, a malicious one for ever.

Patience abuſed kindles into anger.

Anger and power are fatal as lightning.

It is good to diſarm an angry man, not to give him a ſword.

Envy is ſilently but fatally enraged.

CHAP. VIII.

Of Severity.

SEVERITY in a good man follows juſtice.

An unruly patient makes a cruel phyſician.

CHAP. IX.

Of Clemency and Patience.

OBLIVION is the cure of injuries.

Behave ſo as that no man may juſtly diſlike you.

Where an offender is aſhamed, forgive him.

Conſider your own faults, and be merciful to thoſe who reſemble you.

He triumphs twice who can conquer a victory.

Bear great things, that you may not repine at ſmall.

Bear what is inevitable without murmuring.

What is not miſſed, is not loſt.

A good action, though it may be ſuppreſſed, cannot be extinguiſhed.

Good thoughts are not loſt, though they are not practiſed.

CHAP. X.

Of Fear.

HE is every day condemned who is always in fear.

A maſter who fears his ſervants is more a ſlave than they.

How wretched is it to grow old with fear!

Fear and ſleep ſeldom meet together.

He fears many, of whom many are afraid.

It is fooliſh to fear what cannot be avoided.

A man who fears ruin ſeldom meets with it.

A wiſe man will guard againſt a weak enemy.

Even an hair caſts a ſhade.

What pleaſes many is kept with danger.

He who flies from the law, cannot fly from conſcience.

CHAP. XI.

Of Sorrow.

IT ſignifies little to believe ſorrow.

Patience is a remedy for every affliction.

Sorrow makes the moſt virtuous falſify.

He is the moſt wretched who cannot vent himſelf in complaints.

Sorrow may produce advantage.

The ſorrow of an enemy is a cure for our own.

CHAP. XII.

Of Fame and Glory.

EVERY rumour is believed by calamity.

Gain, with a bad character, is ſo much loſs.

It is miſery to want reputation.

The glory of a former action is eclipſed by the glory of one preſent.

Preferment to the unworthy is ſo much diſgrace.

A good character ſhines by its own light.

A good character is more valuable than riches.

A good character is another patrimony.

How difficult is it to preſerve fame!

It is better to know one's heir than to ſeek one.

CHAP. XIII.

Of Leiſure and Idleneſs.

EXTENSION ſpoils a bow, relaxation the mind.

To deny one's ſelf to one's country is to be an exile.

To do nothing is the happineſs of the miſerable.

CHAP. XIV.

Of Benevolence and Generoſity.

IT is an injury to honeſty to petition for what is not fit to be granted.

Compaſſion lays up great advantages for itſelf.

The man who pities another in affliction, remembers the inſtability of his own condition.

He who affords aſſiſtance in proſperity, will receive it in adverſity.

A truly benevolent man will know why he gives.

To offer a kindneſs willingly, doubles its value.

He who gives ſpeedily to the needy, gives twice.

He is leaſt deceived who is ſoon denied.

It is a part of benevolence to deny gracefully.

He

He receives a benefit who beſtows one on a worthy perſon.

When you aſſiſt the virtuous, you lay an obligation on the whole world.

A great mind can never compliment an error.

A benefit is valuable in proportion as it is beſtowed.

He who does not know how to give, has no right to aſk.

It is a kind of fraud to receive what you have no proſpect of returning.

To receive an obligation is to ſell one's liberty.

He receives the greateſt number of favours who knows how to return them.

He who talks of the favours he has conferred, loſes the merit of them.

To give often, ſilently teaches gratitude.

It

It ſignifies nothing to have been generous if you ceaſe to be ſo.

Whenever you refuſe aſſiſtance to thoſe whom you have been accuſtomed to give it, you teach them to ſnatch it.

To reprove, is to condemn when your help is wanted.

Reproof to thoſe in misfortune is cruelty.

You call a man accurſed, when you call him ungrateful.

One ungrateful man injures all that are in diſtreſs.

Ungrateful men make malicious ones.

CHAP. XV.

Of Juſtice, Faith, and good Conſcience.

YOU muſt expect to be dealt with as you deal with others.

No one can forfeit his honour if he never had any.

He who has loſt his honour can loſe nothing more.

What has he to rely upon who has broke his faith?

Honour, like life, when once loſt, never returns.

An honeſt man will be juſt even to his enemy.

We ſhould keep our word even with the wicked.

A natural heir is better than a choſen one.

It is a bad cauſe which requires pity.

The

The judge is condemned when the guilty is acquitted.

None but the innocent hope for proſperity in affliction.

CHAP. XVI.

Of Injury and Pride.

THOSE who do an injury are the people who reſent it.

He threatens many who injures one.

Even goodneſs changes its nature when cauſeleſsly provoked.

He will never want a reaſon, who deſires to do an injury.

A malicious man is fed by his ill-nature.

A great crime, though but ſlightly mentioned, wounds the guilty.

A guilty perſon paſſes ſentence on himſelf the moment he commits a crime.

The better a gameſter is, the worſe he is.

Medicine is bad when nature fails.

The glory of the proud ſoon turns to ſhame.

That prejudice is very deſtructive which excludes judgment.

How miſerable is it to be wronged by thoſe of whom you dare not complain.

It is miſerable to be obliged to keep in ſilence what you are impatient to utter.

A mean perſon looks with horror on the crimes of the great.

The greateſt power is loſt by bad adminiſtration.

CHAP. XVII.

Of Diſſimulation, Fiction, and Lying.

IT is the greateſt wickedneſs to imitate the words of honeſty.

A villain is the more dangerous, the leſs he appears ſo.

The coward pretends to caution, the miſer to frugality.

Slander is falſe, a lie malevolent.

Feigned things are ſoon detected.

All diſſembled dangers are the moſt fatal.

A ſeeming friend is the worſt of enemies.

A man thinks one way of himſelf, another of his neighbours.

The tears of an heir are laughter under a maſk.

Succeſſors hate the life of him whoſe death will prove their profit.

The eyes will never offend while reaſon guides them.

Age, however concealed, will ſhew itſelf.

He who forgives one injury provokes another.

You doubly offend when you flatter an offender.

He injures the good who ſpares the wicked.

By explaining a ſcandal you do worſe than in making one.

CHAP. XVIII.

Of Suſpicion.

SUSPICION always paints in the darkeſt colours.

A ſmile will be reckoned an affront by the afflicted.

CHAP. XIX.

Of Cuſtom and Experience.

TO day ought to be the diſciple of yeſterday.

Poverty is the beſt guide to experience.

It is miſerable not to know how to live without danger.

It is a troubleſome pleaſure that depends upon others.

The empire of cuſtom is tyrannical.

Too great ſatiety of good things is a misfortune.

CHAP. XX.

Of Prudence and Sagacity in the Affairs of Life.

IT is a great advantage to learn what is to be avoided by the misfortunes of other people.

A wiſe man corrects his own practice by the faults of others.

That ought to be long conſidered which can be done but once.

To deliberate on uſeful things is a prudent delay.

In order to conquer, war ſhould be long conſulted of.

The courage of the ſoldier depends on the wiſdom of the general.

Delay is diſagreeable but it is the parent of wiſdom.

The

The mind that knows how to apprehend, knows beſt how to encounter.

One ought to conſider what one may poſſibly loſe.

No opportunity of taking heed ſhould be loſt.

He ſerves one moſt effectually who knows how to chuſe a proper opportunity.

When vice is uſeful, it is a crime to be virtuous.

It is ſometimes uſeful to forget what one knows.

Futurity will not be pried into.

Eloquence is not without its poiſon.

It is good to have a deaf ear to ill reports.

It is allowable to think a man your enemy, but not to call him ſo.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXI.

Of Raſhneſs and Folly.

IT is a grievous puniſhment to the mind to repent too late.

He enſures repentance who judges raſhly.

He deſerves to loſe his money who bribes a judge in a bad cauſe.

It is ridiculous to loſe one's own innocence in furious zeal againſt the guilty.

That is bad counſel which cannot be altered.

It is beter to be ſlighted, than to be ruined by one's own folly.

Eaſineſs of temper borders upon folly.

He who is at expence about the dead does not enrich them, but impoveriſhes himſelf.

He abuſes the abſent who quarrels with a drunken man.

He

He is vain in old age who endeavours to recall youth.

He is a fooliſh patient who makes his phyſician his heir.

He who ventures a ſecond ſhipwreck has no reaſon to complain of Neptune.

You excite them to leave you whom you keep againſt their inclination.

Evil diſpoſitions need no tutors.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXII.

Of Ambition and Deſire.

OTHER people's poſſeſſions pleaſe us, and ours pleaſe other people.

What we get by wiſhing is foreign to our felicity.

He who can do more than he ought, deſires more than he ſhould.

Greedineſs in riches is but improved poverty.

To curb our deſires is to conquer a kingdom.

Luxury and glory have no friendſhip together.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXIII.

Of Avarice.

SOME things are wanting to poverty, but all things are wanting to avarice.

Many things are wanting to luxury, all to avarice.

A miſer wants what he has as well as what he has not.

A miſer grieves more at misfortune than a wiſe man.

What can you wiſh worſe to a miſer than long life?

A miſer is good to no man, but moſt cruel to himſelf.

A miſer does nothing right but when he dies.

A miſer is the cauſe of his own miſery.

You may eaſily out-wit a miſer, if you are not one yourſelf.

APPENDIX.

The following BON MOTS *were omitted in their proper places.*

A Young clergyman having the misfortune to bury five wives, being in company with a number of ladies, was ſeverely rallied by them upon the circumſtance. At laſt one of them impertinently put the queſtion to him, "How he managed to have ſuch good luck?" "Why madam," ſays the other, "I knew they could not *live* without contradiction, therefore I let them go their own way."

A gentleman having a remarkable *bad breath*, was met by a celebrated Iriſh wit at Lucas's coffee-houſe, who aſked him where he had been? "I have been taking the air this morning," ſays he, "which was rather diſagreeable too, as I had a damned *North wind* full in my face all

all the time." "Come, come," ſays the wit, "don't you compiain, by —— the *North wind had the worſt of it.*"

Mr. Moore, the author of many ingenious pieces, being a long time under an expenſive proſecution in Doctor's-Commons for marrying two ſiſters, was called upon one morning by his proctor, as he was writing his tragedy of the Gameſter: the proctor having a leiſure hour, Mr. Moore read him four acts of his piece, which were all at that time finiſhed, which the former found himſelf ſo affected by, that he explained, "Good God! how can you poſſibly add to this couple's diſtreſs in the other act?" "Oh! very eaſily," ſays Moore, "there I intend to put them both in the *ſpiritual court.*"

The Dowager lady T—— ſome time ſince hearing the dutcheſs of B——d was going to be married to lord C——, was

aſked by a lady preſent what ſhe thought of it ?" " Oh ! dear madam, very well," ſays the other ; I think it a *good thing* for both."

A well known literary character being introduced to Doctor Johnſon, the doctor was ſome time after aſked by a mutual friend how he liked him : " I proteſt, Sir," ſays Johnſon, " the man ſeems to be a mighty good ſort of man ; but as to his being a man of letters, I believe he has *written* more than he has *read*, and underſtands leſs than *either*."

The celebrated Paddy Blake being often told by lord B—r—n that he had wrote his name down for a majority, Paddy met him one morning at the Levee, when his lordſhip being about to give him his hand with all the air of court friendſhip, " Stop, my lord," ſays Blake, " t'other hand, if you pleaſe, for I'm ſure, if you had not a palſy in this

you

you would have done my little buſineſs for me long before now."

The above natural wit, going into a wollen draper's ſhop, in Cornhill, to buy a ſuit of clothes, aſked for ſome of his beſt *red ſcarlet*. The lad of the ſhop judging Blake from this queſtion, as well as from his appearance, to be a proper perſon for jeſting with, firſt took down a piece of brown cloth, afterwards a piece of blue, and then ſeveral other colours, all of which he aſſured him was the beſt *red ſcarlet*. From the innocency of Blake's mind, he was ſome time before he could ſee the joke; at laſt watching a proper opportunity, he hit the lad a punch in the face, which immediately brought the blood ſtreaming acroſs the counter. "Ah! by ——," ſays Paddy, "ſee now that we could not hit it off before; that's the very colour I wanted."

On the promotion of the preſent chief of the K—— B—— to the degree of ſerjeant, he preſented as is uſual, rings to the ſeveral judges and ſerjeants. The motto which he choſe on this occaſion being *Audax et Vigilans*, a counſel, who is ſince called to the latter degree obſerved "it was a very proper motto for a HALL watch dog."

Lord B——n having written an official letter to a general officer rather couched in in ſevere terms, the officer ſhewed it to ſome company he had with him at ſupper, when one of the company obſerved that he did not think his lordſhip could *read*, let alone *write*, "You are very much miſtaken, Sir," ſays a nobleman preſent, "his lordſhip is well know to have *dipped* deep in *Harrington's Oceana*."

A lady of wit and gallantry being accompanied in her viſit to the two univerſities by a ſtupid young nobleman, it was obſerved by one

one who knew the parties, how ill her choice was in reſpect to a conductor. " Not at all," ſays a gentleman preſent, " I think it highly in character ; *Minerva*, you know, was always accompanied by an *owl*."

King Charles II. laid it down as a rule, that in his convivial parties, *the king was always abſent*. Being one night in a ſelect party of this kind, one of his courtiers, who had contributed a good deal to his mirth, ventured to aſk him for a place. Charles, though he liked the man as a companion, yet not willing to break through a fixed rule, quickly replied, " You may depend on it I will ſpeak to the king to-morrow about it."

The famous earl of Rocheſter profanely jeſting one day before the ſame monarch, the king called out to him, " Well, Rocheſter, I believe you are one of the wickedeſt men in all England." " I believe I am, pleaſe your majeſty," ſays the other, " *of a ſubject*."

The

The celebrated antiquarian Wood being in company with doctor South, the celebrated preacher and punſter, was complaining to him of his not being able to make *water*, and aſked him what ſign it was? "Why," ſays the doctor, "ſhall I ſpeak *gravely* to you? it is a ſign you will ſoon make *earth*."

When queen Elizabeth was at Oſterly, near Brentford, the ſeat of ſir Thomas Greſham, who built the Royal Exchange, ſhe obſerved to him a wall at one ſide of the garden, which confined, in ſome reſpect, the proſpect. Sir Thomas ſeemed to take no further notice of her Majeſty's remark at that time than to coincide in it; but as ſoon as ever ſhe retired to her chamber, he had prepared a number of workmen, in readineſs, who had the wall entirely pulled down by morning. The queen upon her walking in the gardens was ſurprized at the alteration; but turning about to Sir Thomas, with great

rea-

readineſs obſerved, " She did not wonder that he that could *build a Change*, could ſo readily *change a Building*."

A certain ſmatterer in letters, being one day at the Bedford coffee-houſe, took it into his head to abuſe with great freedom all the modern literati, obſerving that there was very little wit, humour, or learning in the preſent age. Some time after D. Hayes, well known by the name of Count Hayes, came into the room, when a gentleman was telling him how his friend had been abuſing the *moderns*. " I have not the leaſt doubt of his ill-nature," ſays Hayes, " ſo he would the *antients too, by* —, *if he knew their names*."

When pope Benedict XIV. came to the papal chair, who was a man as much above the pedantry of forms, as he was above all taint of ſuperſtition, he was one day giving au-

audience to a cardinal, who the moment he came into the preſence-chamber, as uſual, made his obeiſance; the pope, in return was putting his hand to his tiara, when the maſter of the ceremonies ſtopt him ſhort by whiſpering to him, it was below the dignity of a pope to return any ſalute. "O! I cry you mercy," ſays Benedict, out loud, "I am not long enough in office yet to *forget my good manners.*"

The late marſhal Saxe, though he obtained many laurels for the crown of France, yet on account of his being a Lutheran, at his death was denied many of the religious ceremonies of interment. Upon this occaſion the late queen of France, with whom, as well as the whole court, he was a great favourite, obſerved "it was hard that a man, who had ſo often cauſed them to ſing Te Deum, ſhould not have one *De profundis.*"

A cer-

A certain judge being ſome time ſince on the home circuit, a man was brought before him charged with ſtealing a ſilver ladle. In the courſe of the evidence, the council for the crown dwelt rather ſarcaſtically upon the priſoner's being an attorney. "O, Sir," ſays my lord to the council, in a whiſper, "do not make the caſe worſe than what it is; if the fellow had been an *attorney*, you may depend upon it he would have ſtolen the *bowl* too."

The late lord Cheſterfield, notwithſtanding he was ſo much a man of wit, and of the world, was, until not many years before his death, well known to be a conſtant dupe to gaming; inſomuch that he never went to a watering place, that he had not a croud of ſharpers hovering about him. Being at Bath, ſome years ſince, he engaged at a billiard-match with the celebrated Charles

Jones,

Jones, which was no ſooner known than the room was crowded with black legged gentry, who all betted in favour of Jones. The match continued for ſome time, in which my lord never turned a game, and in conſequence loſt conſiderably. Jones, who only played for a guinea himſelf, ſeeing this, and being often *patronized* by his lordſhip, thought it a good opportunity to ſhew his gratitude, by declining the game, and telling his lordſhip the reaſon of it. "Well, well," ſays my lord, with great coolneſs, "admitting that to be true, if theſe gentlemen do me the honour to attend me from place to place, ſurely it is the leaſt I can do to *ſupport my attendants.*"

F I N I S.